SUMMER CORRESPONDENCE

GRACE GREENWOOD IN LONDON. The Sea-Side Resorts of England-Types of People at English Watering-Places.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Sournal. London, July 20.-American correspondents in London, this summer, have dwelt with mournful emphasis on the duil fourteen days of social eclipse following the demise of Emperor Frederick. The Queen's edict, though smacking of absolutism, has, it seems, been generally obeyed. Most men and some women are inclined to respect such grief for the loss of a son-in-law. Then the late Emperor was much liked and honestly respected by English people of all classes. A liberal-minded prince, without lax or visionary ideas, a soldier, without Jingoism, he was every inch a man, to whom the title of king or emperor could not add snormer wes. Why should they not mourn for that vanished life or magnificent possibilities, and for the silent tragedy, the unspeakable pathos of its ending! Except that it shed abroad at the last an inspiring light of Christian heroism and patience, it would be all loss, there would be no legacy of consolation left,

The mourning of English royalty is doubtless politically sincere, but (the Queen excepted) scarcely profound in a human and homely way. The fact that while the end was imminent, the Prince and Princess of Wales went, as usual, in state to Ascot, and were called away from that scene of gayety and gambling by the news of the last mortal change, is significant. Catholic brinces would have been at that solemn time on heir knees, in chapel or oratory, praying for the restoration or eternal salvation of their great

It seems to me that no one who saw Unser Fritz as we saw him last, riding with his royal brothers-in-law in the great jubilee procession, can begrudge his august shade a little crape, some heart-felt regret-a few tears, even. In that incomparable body-guard of the proud Queen, he was the noblest, the grandest figure; loo dignified and self-poised, perhaps, to be pathetic, even to such as knew the man was doomed-that the skeleton hand was already elutching his throat.

I have been touched by hearing how piously the fashionable London ladies laid aside their and silk; how they have gone about mournfully trailing clouds of black lace and carrying weight of jingling jet. But Providence grants them consolation in their woe-stars their night of loyal sorrow. Never, we read, were diamonds seen to such an advantage and in such profusion in Covent Garden Opera-house as during the late time of heavy mourning. The maimed London season is dragging its slow length along under this malapropos dispensation, and presently, if not sooner, that town of towns will be quite deserted by rank and fashion. But will everything end? Will London be empty! Not to any alarming extent. Mold will not encrust the stones of Hanover square, nor rust settle on the altar-rails of St. George's. "Green pastures" will not come to Piccadilly. There is life enough left in London in August to stock the world-heroic, sinful, happy, wretched, toiling, struggling, roaring, reveling human life. Americans on their first visit, unfortunately belated, need not quite despair of amusement. Certain theaters and the music halls are always open. Admittance is easily obtained to the Tower, the Royal Mews and Newgate Prison. Then there is "Madame Tousraud," with an ever-fresh supply, foreign and domestic, of new and chastly figures in the Chamber of Horrors. If scientifically inclined, there is the great British Museum, where you can walk yourself lame, and stare yourself blind inspecting curiosities-stuffed birds and beasts, and pickled reptiles by the thousand, mammouth skeletons and mummies galore, Assyrian monuments and stolen Eigin marbles. Then there is the glorious Kensington Museum and the National Gallery-worlds of art and beauty for you to explore, ob. my fortunate, belated countrymen and women!

Hyde Park will still welcome you with a realth of greenery and cool shade, and if you have no knowing friend along to post you, you will not Miss the gorgeous ducal turnouts and blue-blooded aristocrats from the Drive or Row -the antiquated high-hung barouches, usually yellow, conveying, with much pomp and circumstance of postilions and powdered footmen, antiquated dowagers, also usually yellow; and the titled equestrians, bobbing up and down in the Row, the fair, plump Amazons packed into what look like black bolster-cases, very short and very tight. But you will see other fair equestriennes, as rich though not as rare, bobbing just as uncomfortably in just as tight and short bolster-cases, with just as generous a dis-play of booted feet, on just as bob-tailed thoroughbreds, and with just as rotund and ru-

bicund papas, just as rigid and solemn grooms. What our friends will miss in the park will be the meets of the coaching clubs by the Serpentine, and the morning parades of the professional beauties in the walk beside the Row. Some eight or nine summers ago people used to flock to see the beautiful Mrs. Langtry strolling up and down that promenade, looking very sweet and modest, apparently unconscious that she was running the gauntlet of curious and eritical, though mostly admiring observation. During a certain hour daily she was thus out for inspection. More gracious than royalty she seldom disappointed the people. Many whom I knew went frequently to see her, and seemed to find no impropriety in this generous public display of the lady's glowing, flowerlike loveliness; an exhibition which, however, must have become very monotonous work, not at all good fun, to the benevolent beauty herself, before the season was over. Those good English people saw nothing to object to in the freely manifested admiration of a certain royal personage for the sweet Jersey Lily, for had not the fair and virtuous Princess been seen to bow to ler quite graciously? But when, a few years later, the actress came home after her American triumphs, and was seen riding in the Row with Albert Edward on her right and young Albert Victor on her left, the same good loyal people shook their heads in sorrowful disapproval. Yet it was the same Lily, a little more expanded, its delicate petals a little scorched by the footlights. Mrs. Langtry is no longer the rage in Vanity Fair, but to my mind she took a step upward from Rotten Row to the stage, from idle to la-

borious display. She is wise in her generation. There has not been since the Merry Monarch an English prince whose favor could compare in money value with the patronage of an intelligent, free, independent American public, with a

prince to set the fashion. A midsummer Sunday in London is trying to Americans after the continent. The whole mighty metropolis to the unregenerate, nonchurch going tourist "hath but an aspect drear." But let him be patient. At nightfall those "halls of dazzling light," the gin palaces, are opened, and "paint the town," not "red" alone, but many colors. There are miles on miles of this gorgeous, ghastly illumination. Open on Sunday are Hampton Court galleries and grounds, rich in association with English history, and the Zoological Gardens, richer in natural history. If ever bondage was made easy and "captivity led captive," it is here in this paradise of birds and bears, this lordly lion's court, this luxurious reptilian retreat. Here you see saurisns in their beloved mud, seals on their rocks, beavers keeping house comfortably, nominating conventions of monkeys, Dorcas societies and Browning clubs of parrots, and more snakes than were ever dreamed of out of an inebriate asylum. No, not even in the dog-days need strangers in London fear to be without the appliances of civilization and the consolations of religion. Dress-makers, fruggists, doctors-both of medicine and divinlty-dentists and undertakers, are there still ready to execute their orders with cheerful slacrity. Visitors can still take the coaching excursions to various interesting places. The shoice is a little embarrassing, but all routes promise well. With a contented spirit and a little philosophy one can be jolly going almost anywhere over there, in fine weather, if one has a pleasant party and a drag-some folks

We know but two English seaside resorts-Brighton and Margate-both very popular, but differing widely in character. We once spent two weeks in Brighton-very comfortably, but very stupidly. We had no friends with us, and as for a chance acquaintance with any one on he piers or esplanade, it was not to be thought of. Crowds were there of the stiffest, staidest, nost unsympathetic people imaginable.

They move on forever in Brighton-on their 'eet-good, generous, serviceable feet-or in pach-chairs. Sometimes we met whole families -pater, mater, brave sons, fair daughters, promenading as silent and joyless as a Blimber boarding-school. Somerimes they paused near us, very near, but seemed infinitely far away. as they fixed on us a true British stare, blank, yet stern, which seemed to say, "I don't see you, you know, and I don't like your looks." Ab. Max O'Rell, bravest, wittiest, and most there ac of astirists, how well you understand and paint this sort of people!

Brighton is a properer place than it was in the time of the naughty Prince Regent, but not so ! joily as when under his rollicking regime. The only rollickers here now are the waves. It was generally too rough for comfortable bathing, and rash young people who went out for a sail, brave and boastful, usually came back silent and subdued, having "suffered a sea change into amething limp and strange." get summer, we wanted a little sea air,

de advised us not to go to M

we said, "Why, it's just the place for us!" It was not that we particularly wanted to amuse ourselves, but we wanted to see a few English holiday-takers really jolly. So we went to Margate. We did not stop in the lower town, however, where the cockneys "most do congregate." and where are the jolliest doings, but went to the sirier, cleaner, and, I must confess, more aristocratic upper town. It was from the bluffs -the Fort-that we watched those dreadful "common people" enjoying themselves, with their wives and children or a weethearts. They were noisy, rough, often vulgar in manner and dress. They filled the air with laughter, musichall songs, and the popping of ginger-beer corks; they strewed the beach with melon rinds and that superfluous letter, H-but at a distance I enjoyed their frolics, rough but real-almost their horse-laughs and horse-play. I liked to see them "let go."

Perhaps it was because our quarters were rather parrow, though neat and pleasant, but certain it is our household in Ethelbert Gardens, on the bill, was singularly barmonious and friendly. Nowhere in an English hotel or pension had we ever found so refined, intelligent, and agreeable a set of people as those we met under the modest roof of Temple House, nor nor ever a hostess so courteous and considerate as dear Mrs. Baldwin. Good luck to the good lady always!

Here we spent four weeks delightfully, almost every breath being a delight, the fragrance of the ozone which abounds on the cliffs being more grateful to us than "all the perfumes of Arabia." Here also was much promenading. but people walked like animated creatures, not like automatons, and they did not suuff at an American afar off and sport, "Aha!" They were liberal, social beings-cosmopolitan-very human. Perhaps it was the ozone. GRACE GREENWOOD.

ACROSS THE OCEAN.

An Indianapolis Tourist Describes His Voyage-American Politics on Shipboard.

Correspondence of the Irdianapolis Journal GLASGOW, Scotland, July 11 .- Although thousands of miles away from our own good city and surrounded by countless sights and suggestions to attract our thoughts, we have still uppermost in our minds the friends at home. Many times on our sea voyage have we longed to hear the cry, "Indianapolis Journal-all about the political situation and base-ball score." How tenaciously and unconsciously we carry out our habits of life. To illustrate: One gentleman robes of many colors for sombre black velvet has appeared every morning regularly at the breakfast table with the same copy of the Tribune of June 30, and seemed to read it with such deep interest that the other passengers envied him his late news.

> After a visit to some of the New York hospitals we perfected our arrangements for sailing, and July 30 we steamed down North river past the beautiful statue of Liberty, with a look back up East river at the grand suspension bridge, that link of iron between the sister cities New York and Brooklyn. As we passed under the shadow of the Goddess, with her uplifted arm, she seemed to wish a God-speed and safe voyage to our grand steamer, the Furnessia. We have had it, with, of course, the conventional storm. sea-sickness, games on deck, Fourth of July celebration, whale, iceberg, meeting of steamers, fastest day's run, feeing of your attentive steward, concert for the benefit of sailors' orphans, and the anomaly at the piano, who sang Scotch ballads till we wished him "wi' his lads and lassies" along with the sharks and porpoises sporting in the mighty deep. Then we had impressive services on each Surday, with collections for the life-saving association. There was a suspicion that this latter really meant the ship's cooks, but I, for one, came so near being starved that to give it to them wouldn't be fair -the fare was too bad. Then we had our "Jonah" on board, this time in the shape of an old fellow who had crossed the pond almost as many times as he took times to tell it, and was consequently dubbed Captain. If you had comfortably located yourself in your steamer chair on the protected side of the smoke-stack where you could keep warm and enjoy the unspeakable delights and surprises of a guidebook, there would the "Jonah" surely foilow you and relieve your hoped for quiet with such remarks as "aid you get that book from the ship's library? Do you play the piano? I've been across forty-six times, you haven't; this is your first time. I know, why don't you walk-is good for your liver, don't chew no? Why don't you play shuffle board? Stop, Captain, said I, driven to desperation, youve't hit it. I do know something about that. I've been in the shufflingoff busicess for some time, and if you don't leave me alone I'll make more than a chestnut out of this threat." The "Captain" was universally persistent, till one day our Scotch captain gave a long, loud whistle, and immediately out of every hatchway, gangway, and through every door came running sailors, stewards, cooks and officers-in all a complement of one hundred men. It was the summons to the fire drill and to lowering the life boats, which practice is gone through with once on each trip, providing the weather is fine and pretty so that the tars will not be in danger of getting wet. Weil, the signal was next given to let the life-boats over the side of the steamer. The sailors pulled, tugged, "he-hoed," their Scotch captain stamped his feet, rushed to and fro, and talked as kindly to the toilers of the deep as any mad Scotchman could under the circumstances, but the chains were rusty and the ropes could not be pulled as skillfully as at a political primary, and one of the boats failed to swing. Our Captain Jonah climbed into the boat to give his advice when crash-bang-a rope had broken, the boat dropped, and overboard went the Jonah. The engines were stopped, and the sailors leisurely fished up the the unfortunate out of the bring deep by the seat of his-tweeds, having attacked him from behind. Since then he has not been seen, although his clothes have had time to dry

The red-letter day of the voyage was, as you of course can guess, the Fourth of July! This day we celebrated with all the enthusiasm of true born patriots. But the captain was no patriot, and we had no fire-works, although various unbroken packages of fire-crackers were displayed. The celebration was opened by a general procession around the deck, about 200 first-cabin passengers marching to the chimes of Yankee Doodle, played on bagpipes. Then the orator of the day, Professor Elson, held forth with some remarks which were well received. He finished by reading the following original verses, which aside, from the Biblical quotations, the exact correctness of which the twelve ministers aboard insisted on questioning, was declared most timely:

ODE TO SEA-SICKNESS. Let poets inspiration borrow From broken hearts bowed down with grief: I sing a deeper, truer sorrow,

And one without relief. Where food and comfort are rejected, Where life is palled in black despair. Limp, hopeless, woe-begone, dejected-

That is the mal de mer. Hark to you note of sad bereaval. In dismal, baleful monotones, Upheaval follows on upheaval,

Each intermixed with groans. The victim with a manner frantic, Doth hasten to the vessel's side, Sends articles to the "Atlantic," Yet feels no thrill of pride.

He thinks upon St. Paul's epistles, And full of anguish is his cup, As loud the gale around him whistles, The text "Cast ye them up."

He wishes he could find the party, That scoundrel and deceitful knave, Who wrote in such a manner hearty,

Bright poems of the ocean wave. One wish within his heart is burning; Others of many things have dearth,

While he has but a single yearning, He only wants the earth. The Declaration of Independence was next read, followed by general singing of "America." Then came the various games and contests, prizes being given to the successful contestants. The ladies ran a potato race. A number of potatoes are cut in two, and placed at regular intervals along the deck. The word is given, and each lady begins picking up the potatoes, one at a time, and putting them in a basket. The lady getting through first wins the game. Pitching quoits, an international contest between Scotch, English and Americans, was won by a Hoosier, as was also one of the other games. "Marching through Georgia" was sung, and then followed the tug of war between the Scotch and Americans. This last game came near stirring up the little remaining bile which had not been offered to Neptune. Ten strong Americans were pitted against ten sturdy. earnest Scotchman. The word was given and the tug began. It was fairly won by the former when one overzealous compatriot braced his foot against the ship's railing and a foul was de- | ing the stick into the sand. ciared. On second trial the Scotch dragged our anchor or end man off his feet, and the game was given to them. Excitement ran high at the decision and ill feeling was only averted by the prompt announcement of the presidential election. Representatives of the four candidates were clamorous in soliciting votes, and lots of fun and amusement was caused. I, as the proud representative of Harrison had, in anticipation of some event of this kind, taken along with me from home a large portrait of Indiana's favorite son him honest for

bration of the day closed with a concert in the evening, and the awarding of prizes and announcement of the result of the election, which was as follows:

Lockwood, 5. Cleveland, 65.

Harrison was then declared duly and honorably elected President of the United States. We wound up the day with three rousing cheers for flarrison, and with singing "The Starspangled Banner." As I have told you that which the Hoosiers wanted to know most, viz.: who will be the next President, the mission of this letter is ended and I shall reserve for my future date a description of our entrance into Ireland and Scotland. C. I. FLETCHER.

ON THE JERSEY SHORE.

Swimming in the Surf-Some Advice to Bathers Who Attempt to Breast the Breakers.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal. OCEAN BEACH, N. J., July 25 .- It is a common thing for the papers of New York and Philadelphia, not to mention other localities, to poke fun at New Jersey, but it would be a cold day for a good many people if New Jersey were blotted from the map. To speak less figuratively and more accurately, it would be a pretty hot day for the Gothamites and Quakers if they had no Long Branch, Atlantic City, Cape May and intermediate points to patronize during the heated term. This is one of the intermediate points. It lies three miles south of Ocean Grove and Asbury Park-of camp-meeting fame. Board walks and fine drives run along the beach for miles, and there are handsome cottages and great rambling hotels in the most unlooked-for places. Charges are quite reasonable at this point, and, indeed, are not exorbitant at any of the other places that I have visited so far. A four-seated vehicle carried nine of us about eighteen miles yesterday, for \$5. A sail-boat and captain can be secured on Shark river for half a day for \$3. The seating capacity of such a vessel is something like that of an omnibus, always room for one more, but twenty persons would not be uncomfortably crowded in it. The rates at the hotels vary from \$7 a week up to-well, I haven't played the limit yet in that direction. In regard to the \$7-a-week board I can say that it is superior to much at \$4 a day that I have sampled at various resorts in the West. A drive along the beach from Long Branch down this way is calculated to fill a man full of enthusiasm up to the neck. At Elberon, which is simply a continuation of Long Branch, there are some of the most beautiful cottages that one could desire. The green lawns, the flowers nodding in the sea breeze, the elegant cottages themselves, with the sea for a back-ground, make such a picture as can hardly be imagined. The cottage where Garfield died is one of the points of interest, and the scene he looked upon would surely have restored him to health if such a thing had been possible. Descriptions are dull reading at best, and it would take something more than word-painting to do justice to this glimpse of

Surf bathing is, of course, the great pastime at the seashore. I can hear that swish and roar of the waves on the beach as I write-about once every ten seconds. This is rather rapid work for a landsman who undertakes to enter it for the first time; he is tempted to postpone his plunge until there is a more reposeful state of things, and is likely to regard the briny deep as a fraud when he is told that "it will not be any more quiet than it is now if you wait a week." If he has some experienced friend to direct him, he will dash at once beyond the point where the waves break and then he will find it rare sport if he is a swimmer. For one who cannot swim I am inclined to think it is a dangerous experiment, unless there is a rope handy. Yet ladies and children go out without tear, and cases of drowning are of comparatively rare occurrence. Quite an excitement was created a few days ago by a lady being knocked senseless by the force of a breaker. This is something that one would think would occur more frequently than it does. Timid persons insist on standing just about where the waves break, and when an unusually large wave comes the shock is terrific. Even when a person is out beyond this point and is serenely bobbing up and down there occasionally appears a wall of water, say six feet high, which bear down toward him with a very threatening air. At such a time the bather has three courses open to him; he can either duck down and go through the breaker head first, he can brace himself with his shoulder toward his adversary and try to stand the shock, or else he can make a more or less rapid retreat for terra firms. The first time he tries to dive through a breaker he will be surprised to find what a simple matter it is, and if he is a sensible man be will follow that method ever after. If he adopts the second course he may survive, but he will not be eager to try it again. It is in this position that a fellow gets his breath knocked out of him. The plan of retreating from a breaker is least commendable of all. The return of the previous wave impedes your progress, and the first thing you know there is a roar of many waters in your ears, Stockton's principle of negative gravity comes in, and you proceed helplessly, hopelessly, and promiscuously shoreward. About the time you reach land, get your bearings, and try to stand up, there comes the return wave and wallows you around in the sand and seaweed, incidentally jamming a good deal of the former into your eyes and ears. When you finally get out of the toils, and stagger up the beach, you will see a row of grinning lunatics sitting there, who have just been waiting and longing for some such exhibition as you have made of yourself.

The sad sea waves are not half so sad as the then laughed at by the heartless spectators. The undertow is something that is frequently mentioned in connection with surf-bathing, and it seems to me that it is a feature whose dangers are at once overrated and underrated. I don't see what a cool-headed swimmer has to fear from it and I don't see how a person, who cannot swim, dares to go into the surf alone at all. As each large wave passes you there is a strong set of the waters immediately afterwards toward the sea, and if a person happens to be near a hole or step-off in the sand, he is quite likely to be swept into it. This need occasion no alarm to a swimmer, as he can easily keep affoat until the next wave carries him back toward the shore. But it is not a pleasant sensation, and it is easy to understand how a timid person might become confused and frightened, especially when he finds himself drifting helplessly into the face of a great, dark breaker, capped with hissing foam. I have read somewhere of "an angry sea showing its teeth thro" the waves." Such figures of speech give a wrong idea of the sea, I think. To my mind the most terrifying thought to a drowning man must be the one that he is struggling with an insensate thing, which has no interest in his condition one way or the other; neither malice nor pity. He is no more to it than one of the pebbles on the sand, and the roar of the surf is

neither a shout of victory nor a dirge. That never-ceasing roll of the breakers is more impressive than any writer has ever been able to tell. Byron's apostrophe to the ocean is tame by the side of it. If one must have some quotation for such occasions there is none more

appropriate than: "Would that my tongue could utter

The thoughts that arise in me. But in this practical age there is little time for poetry, and even the people who stand solemply along the beach, abandon at times whatever of sober feeling and thought they may have had, and make a plaything of the bounding billows. There are various games which may be played on the sand, but I think the most exhilarating one was invented by one of our party since coming here. It consists in following a receding wave as far as possible and then thrusting a stick into the sand. The other members of the party then take turns in endeavoring to get the stick out or else place another one beyond it. The game is, of course, not interesting unless the players are dressed in clothes which they do not want to get wet. Before long some daring individual is certain to be caught by the breakers, and the sight of a full dressed man prancing about in the water and trying to keep both feet out at once is very interesting to the other players. The amusement is increased, of course, when the victim happens to be some one who has rather held aloof at first from such childish sports, and who has only condescended at last to go into it in order to illustrate some theory which he has advanced regarding the waves. You will notice, for instance, that three large breakers often follow each other in immediate succession; then there ensues a period of comparative calm. It is in the midat of this calm that you presently observe the man of theories executing a double-shuffle with every outward indication of being far from calm, owing to the unaccountable appearance of an unobtrusive little billow at the critical moment of his stick- | devil of a thinking." Among the boarders at

Crabbing in Shark river is not without its attractions. Fishing in the auf! with a "throwout" line is sufficiently fascinating to hold some men on the beach all doy; and for those who prefer it there are the 'itle fishing boats, which go out on the ocean for miles and come back in the evening loaded with blue fish. You go on such trips with the t deretanding that you must stay out there, rick or well, until the catch is finished. And the prospect of rocking up and down for hours in a dirty fishing boat, with a sensation is your stomach the extreme reverse

tate about undertaking it. Even if one had no other occupation than to lie on the sands, watch the breakers and inhale the salt air he would be amply repaid for a season at the seashore.

AT THE SEASIDE.

Resorts Where Happy Hoosiers Dream the Summer Hours Away.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal. NOYES BEACH, R. I., July 25 .- If I could give you just one whiff of this delicious Noves Beach air it would strengthen lungs, head and heart for the summer contest with the rays of "Old Sol."

This projecting nook is not well enough known to draw the butterfly population of Block island, which is just in view at the south of us, or of Watch Hill, six miles by the beach road towards the setting sun. Our pass-word is "no style," and rigidly do we keep the stern law irretrievably passed before my advent into their midst, by this coterie of literati, who find the source of their river of success in the pure air, salt water and general breeziness of this spot. When a man called Noyes had the good taste to select this stretch of beach and the surrounding land for his home, acre could be purchased for bushel of potatoes. Here sprang up a numerons progeny of the masculine gender, among whom the cheaply accumulated acres were digiving each son a Unhappily, each proved more improvident than the next; consequently before

many years passed, all was mortgaged and fin-

ally dissipated, leaving the old man and a beautiful young daughter in possession of the old homestead-but little besides. Love was young and romantic in those days, and his master, Fate, caused the cherub god, in a fanciful mood, to twine the maiden's line of life with that of a young Indian brave-who eventually was forced to a mediæval plan of action, for he tore her from the father's arms and by the friendly moon's light (this neck of land is a favorite with the man in the moon, for his smile and glance of welcome to us are surpassingly levely), rowed across to Block island, where he reconciled his love to a future with a mighty brave. No need to tell of the father's sorrow, for 'tis a "twice told tale." But when he was "just away." as our friend, the Hoosier poet, expresses what follows our final breath, even the old home and fireside passed into other hands. Now the quaint wooden structure, with its one-hundredand-fifty-year-old beams, square open fire-places, (which we desecrate on rainy days by hanging the crane, on which soon boils the most delightful taffy candy) high mantel shelf, many romantic associations, but, alas! no spooks have fallen into the good hands of Mr. John Taylor, an eminent Brooklyn lawyer and ex-city counsel, who, with his family and friends, makes this "happy hunting-ground" (to us) ring with college songs, much talk and laughter.

Nearer the great bed where Father Neptune sleeps peacefully to-night, guarded by the bright moonbeams (so many Liliputians watching over the giant chamber of this stormy Gulliver), one can see three women of interest, on account of good work done and many possibilities for the future. My bright particular star in this triangular constellation is Mrs. M. E. Ames (Eleanor Kirk), who for years has proved her ability as newspaper correspondent, story writer, critic and poet. Fresh from publication has come to me a most useful little volume of her's (especially so to those who eat by what they write), called "Periodicals Which Pay Contributors." As I sit with Eleanor Kirk in her sanctum, and see the rapidly-developed "fine frenzy" go on to paper, my admiration for this grayhaired woman with young eyes, who has been both mother and father to her children for many struggling years, is ever on the increase. The constant companion of Mrs. Ames is Caroline Le Rue, best known as the compiler of "English as She Is Taught," which production was long attributed to America's fuuny man, Mark Twain; but in truth he was only an appreciative admirer of this book of natural blunders. Mrs. Butts completes the trio. She covers a goodly amount of space, materially, by a considerable portliness, and mentally, by her poetical expression of her great love of nature; also by many appeals to the childish heart of our time by charming stories. She leads a life of inwardness, and although agreeable to surrounding humanity, her summer days are spent in solitude, either on the water (she is quite expert with the oars) or in long walks. We are "so English, you know," down here that the walk to Watch Hill (six miles) is mere pastime. In the house with me is one of the successful workers Indianapolis has sent out-I mean Mrs. M. L. Moody, whose novel, "The Tragedy of Drinkwater," we can read with much local pride. I have just begun to read the MS. of her latest work with

a great deal of pleasure. Doubt it as you may, still the fact remains. for the present at least, men do abound with us in an amazing proportion for a seaside gathering. However, the "gilded youth," even those who were "hazers," are but shades in the eyes of the girls when our accumulated romance strides into view in the shape of "My Horace, my fisherman," as our young femininity call the rugged, strong, handsome man who lives in the fishermen's hut on the edge of the beach. and spends his days on the "briny deep," murderous line in his hand.

The tan of twenty-six summers has bronzed his face and hands almost to match the brown eyes, which are both honest and merry. These eyes speak out to the world much truth and a beautiful optimism, but behind all other expressions I have caught a glimpse of the regret and yearning, mate to rugged strength, for something more, for the boy can neither read nor write. In our little community we have lace, diamonds; Mrs. Kregloe, ashes considered pro and con the wisdom of taking him from this humble lot and experimenting with modern methods on him, but good sense coming to the rescue our decision is to let "well enough alone"-not to spoil a good fisherman for the sake of making a poor something else. You would realize the inherent superstition of the native Rhode Islander could you have seen and listened to this boy while he related to me last night, in perfect seriousness and with great mystery, the local myth of the phantom ship, and of the only time it rose a startling flame before his bewildered gaze. In the days when the inhabitants of Block island ruled by fire and the sword, the unfortunate of an enemy ran ashore and was grounded on the island coast, which we see so plainly on clear days. The islanders seized the schooner and burned her, then stood on the shore in brutal glee, watching her go down, a burning mass of wood, human flesh, cargo, cries and curses. Ever since this cruel act the coast for miles around has been haunted by the burning ship, and will continue to be so until the last descendant of the wreckers expires. One dark night our fisherman, Horace, stood on the beach philosophizing in his crude way. when suddenly before him gleamed a brilliant light very near shore. Thinking it a signal from a distressed vessel, he used his lungs vociferously in an offer of help, "when what to his wondering eyes should appear" but an instantaneous view of the burning ship, with all on board in the death throes. Only one moment was the dread phantom visible, then did it sink from sight as suddenly as it appeared-into oblivion this time, the ashermen think, for this appearance was some years ago, and ever since it has made itself delightfully scarce. What amuses one especially concerning such fancies is that the narrator is invariably the last and only one living who was an eye-witness. Moreover, it always happened so long ago, leaving one no chance to make acquaintance with the spooks.

Tennis is popular as ever, books and hammocks are numerous, but it is the sea which holds our abiding love and attention. I lie in my hammock with the best of literary intentions, but my book gradually lowers from my vision, until it rests with my whole being a doice far piente of content, gazing over "the boundless wave." I am in a waking dream of bliss. Permit me to state, though, that it is not always a waking dream, for the sweet restorer is ever at hand. However, we are not utterly idle, for once a week we meet for mutual aid in disentangling the hard knots in a certain volume by R. Browning. Some of the tender shoots rebel against such labor, but our member from Boston enthuses after the manner of a true bean-

Politically, we are standing on a vast field of discussion, through which runs a stone fence; thereupon sits the mugwump baby, fat and complacent just now, dressed in the long robe of civil-service reform, cooing and laughing at the flock of blue-birds hopping and whistling to keep up pluck on one side, and the strutting red-birds on the opposite, rending their throats with screams of free trade. The blue color shows brighest just now because of majority and feminine tongues, but we middlemen, true to our mugwump tribe, keep up 'a the one hotel is a party of Indianapolis people, who are experiencing much satisfaction over their friendship for General Harrison. Just above their table in the diningroom hangs a large picture of the Republican candidate for the first office-a shrine for her

Of course we have The Quick or The Dead in our midst-that which verges on to forbidden fruit is bound to be everywhere. The other day, when assembled on the veranda, taking our midday siesta, a young girl from the West, full of pranks, rushed up in front of us. giving

wildly. Sinking to her knees on the grass in front of us, moan after moan burst from her lips, until we decided that a bee had stung her or a mad bull pursued her. We were stopped in the act of rescue by the sight of her picking up the stump of a cigar, and, after gazing at this relie in an agonized manner for a moment, she calmy remarked, "Chestnuts." When I recognized the similarity between this tragedy and one performed by the remarkable Barbara in Miss Rives's sensational paradox, we smiled a new

edition of the Cheshire cat originality. This morning the Atlantic squadron sailed by, we suppose, with flying colors, but so far out at sea that I derived no satisfaction from the race which is usually visible to the naked eye from the beach.

I have heard the expression "too tenderhearted to kill a flea," but never realized the "inner consciousness" of it until I heard a softbearted young woman plead with a man whose very life-blood was being enjoyed by a mosquito made corpulent but lately, when he made a meaning thrust toward the too numerous party, "Be careful, you might hurt the mos-

Shades of Henry Bergh, ye are preserved. ANNA FARQUHAR.

WEST BADEN SPRINGS.

The Reception Given Gov. Gray-A Pleasant Occasion and a Good Deal of Dress.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal. WEST BADEN, Ind., July 25 .- West Baden Springs was in a blaze of glory last night. Gov. Isaac P. Gray was tendered a reception, and it was a perfect success. The weather was all that could be desired, the decorations were artistically beautiful, and the costumes of the ladies models of beauty and elegance. At about half past 8 o'clock Gen. Thomas H. Nelson addressed the company in his inimitable style. His remarks were listened to with profound attention, frequent applause intervening. He spoke of the greatness of our country, her magnificent institutions, and the blessings we enjoy under her noble Constitution. He spoke of his travels in foreign lands, and said that from all he had seen of the laws, governments, and society of other countries, ours, he was convinced, was the greatest country on earth. These sentiments brought forth rounds of applause. When General Nelson had flaished, the Governor rose, and, as soon as the applause which greeted him had subsided sufficiently, he began to speak. Perfect silence fell upon his first words. He spoke of the intense pleasure he felt at this testimonial of esteem and affection on the part of his friends who were gathered at West Baden. He said he was entirely sensible of the kindly feelings which had prompted this tribute, and he wished to express his sincere thanks therefor. Then he spoke of our great State, Indi-ana, foremost in all that is good and great. But I cannot expect to express all he said nor the way he said it. Everybody was delighted. When he had finished he was led into the grand ball-room, where hand-shaking and kindly words soon put everybody in the most charming humor. Some of the men of Orange county walked many miles to shake the Governor's hand, and they got as hearty a shake and as kind a word as the finest broadcloth dude in the house. After the reception the procession, led by Governor Gray and Miss Florence Mallott, took its way to the great dining-room, where the dancing was to be, as the ball-room would not accommodate half the dancers. The Governor danced, too, and he can dance as well as make good speeches. Everybody joined in the grand march just preceding the first quadrille. The music was inspiriting, and soon pretty feet were keeping time to its exquisite measures. The ladies were in full evening dress, the gentlemen being in regulation suits for evening. The following named ladies and gentlemen asmisted Governor Gray in receiving the guests: Mrs. Judge Macy, Mrs. A. M. Green, Mrs. V. T. Malott, Mrs. David Kabn, Miss Carrie Malott, Miss Florence Malott, Mrs. Chas. Pierce, Mrs. W. P. Richards, Miss Romie Braden, Miss Emma Wood, all of Indian-

apolis; Mrs. Judge Bicknell, New Albany; Mrs.

ton; Mrs. James Parvin. Evansville;

Miss Mattie Isaacs, Walla Walla, W. T.

Dr. J. Ross Pennington presented the guests

to the Governor, assisted by Mr. David Kahn, H. P. Wasson, C. W. Pierce, W. C. Woodard, Judge Bicknell, R. W. Langan, Albert Messing, Mr. Ed Springer and others. Mrs. L. W. Sinclair wore black lace, diamonds; Mrs. W. R. Woodard, blue and white china silk, diamonds; Mrs. V. T. Malott, heliotrope India silk, point lace, diamonds; Miss Florence Malott, elegant pink silk and tulle costume, pearls; Miss Cornelia Wellborn, 208 foam and ashes of roses silk, point lace, pearls; Miss Romie Braden, cream silk, point lace; Miss Blanche Kahn, Nile green faille, bronze plush waist, point lace, diamonds: Miss Edith Kahn, buttercup moire, point lace, dia-monds; Mrs. David Kahn, black lace over moire, jet passementerie, diamonds; Miss Carrie Malott, blue muil, lace, pearls; Miss Katherine Malott, pink Chinasilk, lace and diamond ornaments: Lillian Sinclair, white mull, ornaments beauty and grace; Mrs. Winstandly, black lace, diamonds; Miss De Wolf, cherry-colored point d' esprit costume with sleeves and drapery of tulle; Miss leaacs, seashell pink silk, sapphire bodice, sleeves of pink tulle, opals, Mrs. C. V. Swan, black tulle, jet ornaments: Miss Minnie Pierce, Nile-green silk, point lace: Miss Kregloe, white albatross and of roses silk, point lace, diamonds; Mrs. Richards, elegant black silk costume trimmed with passementerie, ornaments diamonds: Mrs. Charles T. Jenkins, black lace, cardinal trimmings, diamond ornaments; Miss Kate Hensen, embroidered mull, corsage of natural flowers: Mrs. Jas. H. McNeeley, elegant black siik, lace and diamonds; Mrs. G. A. Wells, exquisite black lace dress, point applique garni-ture, diamond ornaments; Mrs. Charles Pierce, rich eilk and passementerie, lace garniture; Miss Minnie Pierce, cream albatross, point diamonds; Mrs. Ben Wile, don smoke silk, plush, diamonds; Mrs.

Joe Wile, black satin and jet, diamonds; Mrs. Sim Simmons, Louisville, Ky., white lace overdress, diamond ornaments; Miss Ada Daniels, cream nun's veiling, ornaments pearls; Mrs. R. M. Walker, pink silk, lace and diamonds; Mies Maud Allen, black lace, diamonds; Mrs. Franc Kett, of Cincinnati, O., a beautiful Swedish lady, was dressed in elegant black lace over a rich silk; Mrs. Kischbaum, costume of black silk, lace and jet, diamond ornaments; Mrs. Jas. C. Gilbert, elegant costume of silk, point lace and diamond ornaments; Miss C. Rosenheim, blue silk, diamonds; Lillie Rosenheim, cream silk, diamonds. ELLA SWAN.

Dangerous Proceedings.

Minneapolis Tribune. If William was half the Emperor he pretends he would go home and let his mother out of quod instead of wandering about England kissing men who may have bombs in their whisk-

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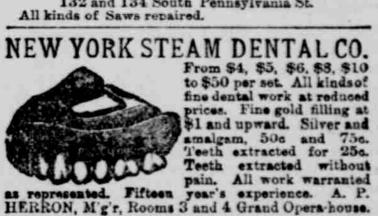
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